THE New Republic

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by Michael Straight

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by T. E. Lawrence

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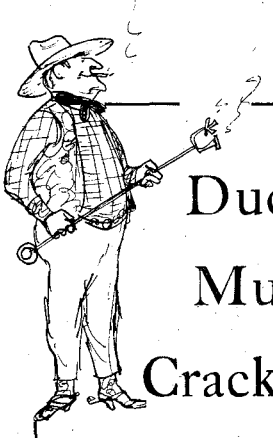
Lawrence Vindicated

Cracks in the Economy Are Showing: What Can We Do About It?

A Proposal for Action



Dudes and Mutts and Crackerjacks

by Ted Townsend

MARCH 21, 1955

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Washington Wire .... *T.R.B.*

Ike doesn't want to run again; Mamie doesn't want him to run again; Mamie's mother doesn't want him to run again. He will probably run again. Walking down Pennsylvania Avenue these fine Spring mornings we can't help feeling sorry for the unhappy priest-president who is prisoner in the White House. Ike needs exercise he can't get; Mamie has a slight heart murmur; the Gettysburg dream farm beckons; Ike's popularity approaches deification and helps to imprison him, and Republicans are so scared he'll quit that they denounce any reference to Mamie's well-known desire to chuck the whole thing as blasphemy.

We don't know what Ike will do, and Ike doesn't know yet either. But we do know, formally and finally, that Ike will demand Nixon as a running-mate if he does run. That, anyway, is settled. It's Dicky Nixon. Another thing is that even with Ike running, Democrats will almost certainly capture the Senate, very likely the House, too. The Senate is elected by thirds, and 1956 is what the GOP calls the "tough third" (the year in which many Southern Senators come up for re-election). Besides that, three of the biggest states are in a mess for the Republicans: Pennsylvania, Illinois and Michigan. Joe McCarthy probably won't get his chairmanship back again in a hurry, which is another break for Ike.

Let's try to polish the Asiatic situation off in the same staccato style. We have reached the "massive retaliation" state in a new Dulles cycle; Dulles is telling off-the-record groups here that this time he means business. He is warning the Chinese Reds that our reputation for backing down and making empty threats is wrong. For some reason Dulles always overplays his hand; he is now implying our treaty support from allies is far stronger than it is. This is the kind of menacing talk that Treasury Secretary George Humphrey has shushed several times before; military retaliation just costs too much, he says; it might further unbalance the budget. And Ike listens to Humphrey in the final analysis. Dulles is telling the Reds that we are no "paper tiger"; then he says "[we] are equipped with new and powerful weapons of precision which can utterly destroy military targets without endangering unrelated civilian centers." This is quite a weapon! How does it work? Why, it's an atomic missile that only detonates in the presence of a military uniform. Better not call that a "paper tiger."

Democrats have suddenly discovered that George Humphrey loses his temper on the witness stand. Banker-industrialist Humphrey, the chief power of the Eisenhower Administration, has many admirable qualities including forthrightness and courage, and some weaknesses. As to the latter, Humphrey hates to admit he's ever been wrong as in the "hard money" policy at the start of GOP control, or that he is responsible for what Democrats gleefully call "Humphrey's billion dollar blooper" in last year's $7.4 billion ("rich man's)" tax cut bill. This tax loophole is really a beaut. It is Humphrey's misfortune that the Democrats discovered it before he did (Treasury officials apparently knew about it but hadn't told their boss.) It lets businessmen deduct from taxable income not only the current year's expenses but money set aside for expected future expenses. A "serious mistake," Humphrey admitted on the witness chair, and then got angry. When Democrats recalled how they had warned against haste when the bill was shoved through, he snapped: "You passed the law, I didn't. I'm sorry you made an error. I'm sorry I did." Under the circumstances this language was on the arrogant side. Democrats are afraid to attack Ike; they are turning enthusiastically upon Humphrey with that use of mockery which something in his manner invokes. "When you say 'Humphrey,' would you please say 'George Humphrey'?" pleaded the Democratic Senator from Minnesota to his colleagues. "It's 'trickle-down George,' and 'percolate-up Hubert'."

Herbert Hoover is doing just what this column predicted, only doing it more so. He's using the discretionary power voted by the Republicans to get his commission of big bankers and businessmen to urge repeal of the New Deal. Coming right now this drumfire of preposterous Hoover reports helps fix the idea further that the Eisenhower Administration is the boon of big business. The Hoover report on lending agencies is a lulu. On page 97 it suggests that we should collect war debts from our allies which (with accrued interest) now amount to $17.3 billion. For which war? World War I, of course, you silly! Good old Herbert, good old World War I! Our readers will have to forgive us this nostalgic tear. Youngsters of today probably don't know how the isolationists' demand for repayment dominated the 1920's. "They hired the money, didn't they?" croaked Coolidge. Not payment in goods, you understand—good heavens, no! That would have ruined American industries for whom the Hawley-Smoot, Chinese-wall tariff was hurriedly reared in Hoover's time; payment must be made in cash. But how? Nobody knew in that happy post-Wilson interim of Harding-Coolidge-Hoover. It was the greatest metaphysical puzzle of the romantic Republican Era. And now here is dear old Hoover and his dear old Commission back with it again: "Insistence upon the payment of loans due from foreign governments consistent with their economic capacity would secure large sums for the American taxpayer" (page 113). Well, well, what shall we do with this "General Pershing Fund" of $17.3 billion when we collect it? Distribute it, perhaps, pro-rata, among the 1917 armament manufacturers?

Notes: Assistant Attorney General William Tompkins told a Senate subcommittee that demands for confrontation of witnesses in security firings had "roots in a Communist effort" to sabotage the program. . . . Sears Roebuck's $633 million tax-free pension fund now owns 25 percent of all Sears stock and from its tax-free position is gradually buying up Sears' supply companies, a new development in capitalism. . . . The arch-conservative *Indianapolis Star*, March 5, charges subordinates censor Ike's facts: "This process of filtration effectively prevents the President from actually making his own decisions . . . by the simple process of censoring his lines of communication. . . . "

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BEHIND THE HEADLINES

Labor Legislation: Erosion by Appointment

THE NATIONAL Labor Relations Board functions much as does a court. It rules on disputes between labor and management, and its decisions, unless reversed, add up to an official interpretation of the nation's labor laws. It thus has the power, in effect, to rewrite those laws without attracting the kind of publicity attendant upon Congressional revision. The Republican Administration, aided by an unusual number of resignations, succeeded in getting an absolute majority on the five-man Board late last year when it rammed through the bitterly opposed nomination of Albert C. Beeson (*NR*, Feb. 15 and March 1, 1954). Since then, the working of our labor laws has been radically modified in a way which organized labor believes is dangerous. But the Administration disagrees; its recent nominations for posts affecting labor indicate a determination to continue and consolidate these changes.

Beeson—the first man ever appointed directly from the ranks of management (or labor)—was on the Board only 10 months. But during that time, his tie-breaking vote made possible the formal reversal of many of the Board's past practices. Some examples: management now may force workers, during working hours, to listen to anti-union speeches prior to a union-representation election, but is under no obligation (as was formerly the case) to provide the union with time for rebuttal; threats by management to close down or move a plant if the union should win the election (formerly considered "coercion" and held to be illegal) now is classified by the Board as "prophecy," hence legal; if an illegal strike takes place, workers who did not participate, even those absent due to illness, may be discharged unless they fulfill an "affirmative duty" to "disassociate themselves from it."

But by far the most important change during Beeson's membership involved the Board's jurisdiction. In the past, the NLRB took broad jurisdiction over all cases in interstate commerce or "affecting" national defense; only very small businesses in these categories were exempted. The new standards announced by the Board's Republican majority last year drastically reduce the area with which the NLRB now will concern itself. Since very few states have laws safeguarding the worker's right to organize and to bargain collectively, organized labor claims that this reversal on jurisdiction leaves hundreds of thousands of employees without any protection.

Beeson refused a 5-year term on the Board. Now the task of jurisdiction-cutting which Beeson began will be handed on to Theophil C. Kammholz, recently nominated to be general counsel of the NLRB.

In most governmental agencies, the general counsel is not a particularly powerful man. In the NLRB he is. Kammholz, if approved by the Senate, will have the power of deciding which cases the Board will consider and which it will not. And although it provides that a decision to take jurisdiction may be appealed to the courts, one to refuse may not. When the Board's General Counsel decides that a case will not be heard, that's all there is to it. There is no recourse. There is no doubt that Mr. Kammholz is an able lawyer with a distinguished record. But for 11 years he has specialized in labor-management disputes and represented management exclusively. There is no reason to doubt his integrity; but as Sens. Paul Douglas (D, Ill.) and Pat McNamara (D, Mich.) pointed out in the Senate Labor Committee, there is no reason to doubt that he is firmly allied to the side of management. If his background were just the opposite, if he had always represented labor unions, he would, they say, be equally unsuited for this job.

Faced with such appointments and with what it sees as a slow cutting away of its hard-won rights, organized labor has been seeking an opportunity to bring the entire issue to public attention. The Kammholz nomination, they feel, has to be argued on grounds which will not arouse the public. A better target, labor believes, is Newell Brown, one-time secretary to Presidential Assistant Sherman Adams (when the latter was Governor of New Hampshire), present Director of Employment Security in New Hampshire, and Eisenhower's nominee for Wage and Hours Administrator at the US Department of Labor.

Brown is chiefly distinguished as a lobbyist *against* Administration labor policies in any way favoring labor. His opponents insist that Brown has done his lobbying on government time and government money. His salary as boss of New Hampshire's Unemployment Insurance Commission and State Employment Service is paid out of federal grants, and although these are channeled through the state treasury, and thus can be argued to be state funds, Brown's opponents charge him with violating the spirit if not the letter of the law prohibiting federal funds to be used for lobbying activities.

Brown also serves as legislative chairman of the Interstate Conference of Employment Security Agencies, an organization of state employment directors. It has been under attack for years as a mouthpiece for business groups seeking to destroy the federal-state unemployment insurance program. Recently the Conference has become so careless about activities that in November, 1954, the Labor Department's Federal Advisory Council recommended that the Secretary of Labor investigate to see if the organization was not indeed a lobby group. So Newell Brown, considered one of the Interstate Conference's best legislative strategists, is in effect being investigated for illegal activity by the very department in which the President proposes him for a position of power.

In 1952, when the 160-year-old Nashua Manufacturing Company closed down, leaving many textile workers jobless, Brown ruled that although they had been earning $1.50 to $1.64 per hour, they would be ineligible for unemployment insurance if they turned down jobs in a plastic factory which offered them

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75 cents an hour. The unions in the area charge that the low wage scale current in New Hampshire is a direct result of Brown's encouraging the import of cheap Canadian labor.

Whatever his other qualifications may be, Brown seems just the man to help the unions get their point across, that the appointment of certain men to key administrative jobs can result in a complete reversal of the laws these men supposedly administer.

German Rearmament: Playing for Delay

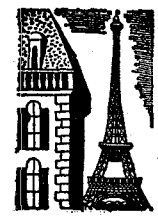
GENERAL Charles de Gaulle is making still another effort—probably his last—to prevent West German rearmament or at least to delay it until the new team in the Kremlin is given a last chance to reveal whether or not Soviet intentions about Germany have changed since the downfall of Georgi Malenkov.

The occasion for possible delay is the up-coming debate in the French equivalent of the US Senate on ratification of the four Paris agreements providing for Western European Union, rearmament of the West Germans within the framework of the Brussels Pact, and an arrangement about the Saar. The agreements might have got through the Council in a relatively comfortable canter had not West German Chancellor Konrad Adenauer, in a statement about the Saar's future made during the debate in the Bundestag, provided an excuse for the would-be delayers. He said that the US and British governments had given or suggested to Bonn their promise to withdraw support from the French position on the Saar as soon as the German peace treaty is drawn up.

The excited protests in Paris produced equivalent ones in equivalent circles in Bonn. De Gaulle's brother-in-law, Jacques Vendroux, called upon the French Government to demand "clarification" from Washington and London before the debate began in the Council on WEU. It is most unlikely that practical plans for West German rearmament will be held up for any great length of time, regardless of the French. One of the subjects of the discussions in London between Sir Winston Churchill and Italian Premier Mario Scelba was how to proceed with German rearmament if the French delay further. General de Gaulle is fully aware of this fact. That is why the Vendroux proposal is merely psychological warfare. Behind it, the practical effort is to shift gradually from support for rejection to support for amendment and finally for the qualifying rider.

The Saar is an excellent excuse for the delayers because it hides the more important issue—by no means quiescent—of German rearmament as such. Mendès-France was able to win a small majority on that issue. Now that he has left the political scene, the psychological upward swing which he generated has turned sharply downward. Out in the constituencies, in an election year, voting for German rearmament is dangerous once again. The Council is elected by a complex electoral system. In April, there will be cantonal elections for members of the department councils who may have votes in the electoral colleges. Then in June, half the membership of the Council will be elected. How the Council decides on WEU will suggest what the professional politicians guess in advance about the attitude of public opinion toward German rearmament.

But the real issue in the Council is neither the Saar nor even German rearmament as such. The Saar is a symbol as the European Defense Community was in its time a symbol. The Germans saw EDC as a gate swinging open to power; the French saw it as a barrier closed against another German resurgence. Mendès-France was able to work out a compromise, thanks to promise of a New Deal to make a New France capable of coping with the Germans. Now we are back to the French wanting the Saar to stop the Germans, the Germans wanting the opposite.



The Saar itself is geographically insignificant, and in the light of the enormous, recent German production it is no longer the economic balancing force it was supposed to be between the two countries. Nevertheless, it is psychologically of first importance, for there is the feeling now, both in France and in West Germany, that *either* one of the two countries and not both together must take the lead in the area, which, even in the backwater of Western Europe, is recognized as the only one that counts: in nuclear research and, eventually, the production of nuclear weapons. That is what really lies behind the Saar controversy. There is room for only one first-class power in Western Europe capable of making nuclear weapons, and helped in that direction by the powers already possessing them. The EDC might have permitted pooling, a continental-type multi-power, above nationalism in the old sense. Mendès-France might have, affirmatively, equipped his own country to be the leading power. Now de Gaulle is bent on *preventing* or *delaying* the emergence of Germany as that power.

Paris FRANK GORRELL

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Mr. Dulles Reports on Asia

by Michael Straight

SECRETARY DULLES, in his Report to the Nation of March 9, has given us a dramatic account of his journey through Southeast Asia and the Western Pacific. He landed, he tells us, on an airfield in Laos where water buffalo had first to be shoved off the runways. He visited Thailand, where no Secretary of State had ventured before. "I visited the forward positions against which the waves of Communism are beating," he declared in summary, "and where the issues of war and peace, of freedom and captivity hang in precarious balance."

That the balance is precarious no one will dispute. That the Secretary's journey was worthwhile is also beyond question. Its success, however, turns on the policy that Mr. Dulles has brought back from Asia. It amounts substantially to the assurance that the US, with some aid from Asia, will turn back with nuclear weapons the "military challenge" of Communist China.

It may be (to pursue the mixed metaphor) that this policy will right the precarious balance and drive back the beating waves. But we doubt it. Our doubts arise from four basic questions of policy and the answers that Secretary Dulles seems to provide.

► *Is the Dulles policy geared to the spirit and purposes of non-Communist Asia?* The Secretary's answer is *yes.* "I came back from Asia greatly impressed by the spirit and purposes of the governments and peoples with whom I had contact," says Mr. Dulles. "They want to preserve their freedom and independence." These objectives, of course, are traditional in the United States. Are they also of *primary* importance in lands where water buffaloes delay the landings of four-motored American planes? In those lands, we believe, two other objectives are at least important: to be free of Western domination, and to keep out of a third world war. In the minds of most Asians these objectives dictate an attitude toward Communist China very different from the attitude Mr. Dulles now attributes to the region.

Freedom and independence, Mr. Dulles assures us, are uppermost in Asian minds. "However," he adds: "patriotism is not enough." For, Mr. Dulles continues, "Small nations cannot easily be self-confident when they are next door to China." This little sentence, half hidden in a passing reference toward the end of the Secretary's Report, could be the key (though it is not to Mr. Dulles) to a sound, long-range policy in Asia. That sentence informs us that the nations on China's borders which have lived traditionally under her influence cannot easily be immunized from that influence today. It should suggest an active political policy for detaching Communist China from the Soviet orbit and inducing China's new rulers, by incentives as well as threats, to limit their demands to their country's legitimate claims.

That is the policy which the non-Communist nations of Asia *are* endeavoring to pursue today. Resistance to military aggression is, of course, one factor in its development. But Secretary Dulles presents the challenge of Communist China almost exclusively in military terms. "Patriotism is not enough," he holds, because it alone cannot withstand the threat which is Chinese military aggression. But this aggression can and will be checked by the combination of Asian patriotism and US military power. The "essential ingredient" *in Asia*, Mr. Dulles declares, is "the deterrent power of the United States and our willingness to use that power in response to a military challenge."

► *Can the Dulles policy gain the support of non-Communist Asia?* The Secretary's answer again is *yes.* In Asia, he tells us, "A gallant band of independent and freedom-loving nations stand between 600 million Communist-dominated Chinese and the broad reaches of the Pacific Ocean." The 600 million may yet be contained if "those who love liberty unite with each other." He continues:

> So the United States, acting within the framework of the United Nations charter, has joined in mutual security treaties which cover the freedom-loving countries of Korea, Japan, Formosa, the Philippines, South Viet-Nam, Laos, Cambodia, Thailand, Malaya, Pakistan, Australia and New Zealand.

These nations, of course, hate each other more than they hate Communist China. It is Mr. Dulles' plan, however, that through the bonds that tie them to the United States they will be bound, willy-nilly, to each other.

The plan on the face of it seems unworkable, for there is an irreconcilable disparity between the special defensive status of the Japanese Treaty and the general obligations of SEATO, between the UN authority in Korea and the US domination in Formosa, that most members of the UN resent and distrust.

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This disparity Mr. Dulles seeks to overcome by treating China's whole periphery that stretches from Northern Japan to Western India as a single front. He goes on to tell us:

> I pointed out at Bangkok that for military purposes the Chinese Communist front should be treated as an entirety because if the Chinese Communists engage in open armed aggression this would mean they have decided on general war in Asia. They would then have to take into account the mutual defense treaties of the United States and the Republic of China and the forces maintained under them.

Leaving aside this interpretation of Chinese intentions which we cannot follow, what does this paragraph mean?

Is Secretary Dulles solemnly assuring us that Pakistan will attack China if Formosa is invaded, or that Japan will go to war if the line is crossed in Southern Viet-Nam? Or is his thought that Communist China will not move against Cambodia or Laos because if she does, the forces of Syngman Rhee and Chiang Kai-shek will invade Chinese territory? Is this really United States policy today?

In all Asia, where the Communist waves are beating, three signatories to the Pacific Charter of SEATO in fact make up Mr. Dulles' "gallant band." They are Pakistan, Thailand and the Philippines. The first of these stands on the Western rim of Asia and is beset by internal troubles; the second is hardly a strong ally; the third is generally regarded as an outpost of the United States. India, Indonesia and Burma are not only absent from the gallant band, they are alienated by the very military network that Mr. Dulles is spinning in their hemisphere.

► *Does the Dulles policy accord with this nation's spirit and limitations?* Mr. Dulles answers *yes*. We think he is mistaken. Historically the United States has avoided military commitments upon the mainland of Asia and intervention of any kind there without the support of the region itself. But tradition is threatened now. The United States seems to determine today what is in Asia's best interest. And when the region itself declines to implement a policy that it cannot endorse, we are inevitably and willingly drawn in. Is it really in our best interests? This country is already heavily committed in Europe. There, and still more in Asia, the avoidance of overcommitment requires our adherence to regional policies that find local support. We are violating this policy in Asia, and the danger impresses itself on Mr. Dulles. Yet he assures us that the United States will hold Communist China in check all around its periphery *and without the use of significant ground forces*. "The United States contribution," he tells us, "will be primarily in terms of sea and air power." That is, our counterweight to China's 600 million will be our stockpile of nuclear weapons.

"The allied nations," Mr. Dulles assures us, "possess together plenty of power in the area." He adds:

> The United States in particular has sea and air forces now equipped with new and powerful weapons of precision which can utterly destroy military targets without endangering unrelated civilian centers.

Mr. Dulles assumes, no doubt, that by nuclear air strikes we can neutralize China's air power. But without air raids on allied bases the Communists fought us to a standstill in Korea and defeated the French in Viet-Nam. Nuclear war, Mr. Dulles takes for granted, is a one-way affair. But why, if we unload our nuclear bombs on China, will the Chinese not unload similar bombs, provided by the Kremlin, upon our side?

Politically Mr. Dulles' case is even weaker. The Chinese Communist attack, if it comes, will be made from densely populated coastal areas. How then can Mr. Dulles hold that nuclear attacks "can utterly destroy military targets without endangering unrelated civilian centers"?

We may have no choice but to use these weapons if war is forced upon us. But to promise that warfare will be nuclear, as Mr. Dulles does here, and for the purpose of righting an imbalance that is essentially political, is to assure the further deterioration of our position throughout Asia.

► *Does the Dulles policy offer China a feasible alternative to war?* There is no use, wrote George Kennan, in pushing the Communists against closed doors. Mr. Dulles seems to be doing just that. Formosa is *important* to the defense of the United States; but it is *vital* to the defense of China, particularly while it serves as the base of a movement whose whole existence is dedicated to the overthrow of the Peking regime.

The ultimate status of Formosa is impossible to determine today. Let it be granted, however, that the US and its allies should stand firm in their intention to prevent the settling of Formosa's future by force. But we cannot grant the necessity for extending a US commitment to the offshore islands, for keeping the Chinese, the Nationalists and the citizens of the United States in the dark as to whether we will fight for the islands or let them go.

Through all the deliberate ambiguity created by the President and the Secretary of State one thread of light can be traced: our decision to fight or not to fight for Quemoy and the Matsus will turn on the manner in which they are attacked. If the attack is accompanied by air bombardment and propaganda promises to liberate Formosa, then we will fight. If the attacking forces are small and no mention is made of Formosa, then we will not fight.

To base nuclear warfare waged by the United States on what Peking *says* its intentions are seems so facetious as to be unbelievable. Yet our Secretary of State has de-

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clared that this consideration may be governing. To hold that our decision will turn on the manner of the attack is scarcely less irrelevant. Communist China's decision to invade Formosa in 1957 will not turn on its manner of invading Quemoy in 1955. Yet that, together with the first considerations, is the announced basis on which President Eisenhower will determine whether or not we fight a nation of 600 million whose friendship has been traditional for the United States in a long and honorable past.

If this policy stands, then despite the President's wish for peace the likelihood surely is war. Quemoy is heavily defended. The Matsus are being reinforced. Our own military strategy teaches that the attack on such strong points should be accompanied by the maximum possible force. Therefore, as things stand now, we may compel China in the course of recovering her own territory to engage the United States in war.

NEVER in the course of human history, to paraphrase Mr. Churchill, was so much risked by so many for so little. Why for these coastal islands must the Eisenhower Administration drag the free nations to the rim of world war?

A partial answer is suggested by the events of the past year. The Eisenhower Administration has been moving painfully and almost imperceptibly away from the Republican folklore of 1952. To move any faster would have meant the disruption of the Republican Party and therefore of the orderly government which the President must maintain. The separation of Formosa from China and its removal as a bargaining point on the allied side has been a slowly developing objective of US diplomacy. It requires moderation and concession on both sides. The United States showed moderation and suffered defeat at the Geneva Conference. Yet we showed further evidence of a desire for accommodation in the proposed Formosa treaty. The President responded with obvious restraint when Peking announced the detention of US prisoners. But the Chinese Communist rulers looked on our moderation as weakness and responded with further provocation. It seemed necessary then to the Eisenhower Administration to prove to Peking and to all the nations of Asia that the "paper tiger" still possessed teeth and claws.

There is logic in this argument. But it is not the whole story. For example, if a show of strength was necessary, why was it not made in Korea where the Communist military buildup continues in violation of the armistice? That buildup is a far greater threat to the US than Communist possession of the coastal islands. It is also an issue on which law and the UN is on our side. Did the decision to make the coastal islands rather than Korea the point of counter-pressure against Peking arise from the imperatives of the area, or the exigencies of domestic politics?

The larger reasons for standing fast on the coastal islands were given in a background interview with the *New York Times* on Mr. Dulles' return. The government believed, the *Times* reported, that the "wavering Asian governments" (on the next day they became the "gallant band") "would be inclined to make a deal with Peking if Washington stood by and allowed [Quemoy and Matsu] to be over-run." A firm policy was further essential to block "the crumbling away of allied authority in the region." "Any retreat at this moment even on the offshore islands," the *Times* reported the Administration as believing, "would encourage a general deterioration of the allied position throughout the area and even threaten the Malay Peninsula."

Unwittingly this interview serves to confirm the analysis recorded above. If this nation's Asian policy is soundly rooted in the spirit and purposes of the region, then surely it is inconceivable that the return to mainland China of a few tiny islands that belong to her in any case could cause "a general deterioration," a "crumbling away" of our entire position over more than half of the world. Only a position that is basically unsound could be dismantled by an underpinning as insignificant as the offshore islands.

Mr. Dulles tells us now that the loss of these islands would be a heavy blow to US prestige in Asia. It would not have been two years ago, or even six months ago. If it should be a heavy blow today, that would be because the President and the Secretary have unwisely attached to these islands a symbolic significance that bears no resemblance to their real worth.

We warned in January of the rigidities that would follow when the President called on the Congress to state its readiness to fight. Now in March our fears seem to be justified.

THE President and Mr. Dulles are responsible for our errors, but the blame is not theirs alone. They have been struggling to disengage the government from the excesses and illusions of the Republican right-wing. They have had no help in the form of a counter-force exerted by a Democratic Party whose heritage is vision and boldness and whose responsibility is constructive opposition today. An alternative policy is possible in Asia and has been outlined more than once by Sir Anthony Eden. But no whisper of an alternative is heard from Democrats today. "Politically," wrote the *Wall Street Journal* of President Eisenhower's message on Formosa, "the Administration hopes that the message has hemmed in . . . the Democrats." If that was the intent, it has been an outstanding success. The leader of the Democratic Party has remained silent when statesmanship demanded a new approach. If the Democratic Party atrophies, historians may conclude that it was because, at a time when world peace hung in the balance, the Democrats were bending all their efforts on securing a $20 tax cut.

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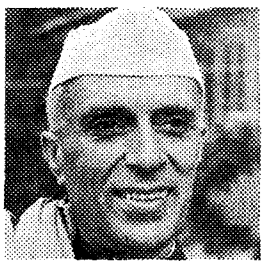

How Nehru Did It in Andhra

by Selig S. Harrison

IN A major upset, returns from the elections in the Southeast Indian state of Andhra have placed a three-party coalition led by Nehru's Congress Party safely in power, with 146 seats to 15 for the Communists in a 196-member state legislature.

The Communists knew the odds against them. Backed by all the resources available to a reigning political machine, Nehru's barnstorming propagandists branded the Communists Russian stooges, warning Andhra's 20 millions that a pocket of Red power in India would undermine Nehru's world stature. In the name of patriotism, Nehru pummeled Andhra's quarreling non-Communist factions into a united election lineup against the common foe. The Communists staked their national prestige on the outcome in Andhra with full knowledge of the power New Delhi could summon for this showcase political test. They brought 200 jeeps and 2,000 bicycles into Andhra to get out the vote. They assumed they would carry their political heartland in the fertile Krishna delta even if they could not capture control of the legislature.

This was a disastrous miscalculation, for Nehru showed that he could employ his own sociological *real-politik*. He first bid for support of the Kammas in central Andhra, a landlord subcaste the Communists have tried to make their own. Then he whispered to their bitter rivals, the Reddi landlords in the Western end of the state, that votes for his Congress front would assure Reddi rule.

As old as Andhra, the feud between the Kammas and Reddis first hardened when their 12th Century ancestors, commanders of rival army legions under the Vijayanagar Empire, came marching home to stake out feudal fiefs. The Reddis grabbed the biggest domains, driving the proud Kammas into the rich but confined Krishna delta. An exchange of indignities began ringing down the centuries. The meanest epithet in the Reddi catalog is: "Son of my Kamma mistress."

Today, the Kammas number 543,000 in their delta homeland alone, and an equal number are scattered throughout South India. K. B. Choudhary, author of the *History of the Kammas* in Andhra's Telugu language, writes that even a poor Kamma usually owns five acres of "wet land," which can mean, in the productive delta country, that he is worth $15,000 annually whether he earnestly oversees his land or goes to his town house once he scatters his rice seed. Choudhary describes the Kammas as "generally hard-working, loyal, energetic, agricultural, studious, God-fearing, but revengeful when views differ. They are not generally deceitful."

By an accident of history, the founders of the Andhra Communist Party in 1931 happened to be the sons of wealthy delta Kammas. The ruling triad ever since has been Rajeshwar Rao, Chandrasekhar Rao and Basava Punniah—all Kammas. Only one top party leader, P. Sundarayya, whose real name is P. Sundar Reddi, is not a clansman.

In the independence movement, the numerically superior Reddis always rebuffed Kamma influence whenever it loomed large within the Congress Party. When N. G. Ranga, a Kamma member of the Indian Parliament, won the Andhra Congress presidency after India became free, an alliance of Reddis and assorted political enemies soon combined to oust him. The name of the leader of the triumphant junta was N. S. Reddi. Ranga walked out of the Congress to set up a rival Kamma front in the 1951 elections, the Krishikar Lok or Farmers Party.

At this point Andhra Communist leaders saw an opportunity to merge their mass vote appeal with village-level Kamma power. They were entrenched among landless farm labor in the delta, where migrant untouchables make up 37 percent of the total rural population—one of the highest concentrations in India. As in all South India, land reform is a burning issue; Wolf Ladejinsky, in his report on a 1952 Southern tour, found that the area "can hold its own with any place in the Union as to difficult problems surrounding land tenure arrangements." The Communists loudly talked land reform in 1951. At the same time, eyeing Ranga's exit from the Congress, they sidled up to their Kamma brethren.

From 1948 until the nationwide Indian Communist flipflop to parliamentary tactics in 1951, the Andhra Communists had made the delta a proving ground for Mao-style guerrilla tactics. In Telugu districts of adjacent Hyderabad state, the Indian Army even had to storm Communist parallel governments. But in all this tumult, most Kammas with their valuable paddy lands went unscathed. So long as the middling-rich farmers who make up the bulk of the caste stayed above the battle, they were classified in Communist strategy as "neutralized." This Andhra Communist policy was out-

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right deviation, not only from the then-terrorist national Indian Communist line, which saw all landowners as equally villainous, but also from the Moscow Zdhanov line decreeing unequivocal guerrilla offensives throughout Asia. It was not, however, out of tune with the notions of another Communist citadel. Peking had carried to a fine point Mao's doctrine of proletarian alliance with "patriotic, anti-imperialist" sections of the rich peasantry. Mao had not been in power long when Soviet policy in Asia accepted his doctrine.

The 1951 election formula of the Andhra Communists accented the sweet reasonableness they had shown to their caste fellows. They warned the Kamma landlords that the Reddi-dominated Congress was out to get them, meanwhile promising the landless a cheaper rice ration and a five-acre plot complete with a cow. Every Kamma did not heed this siren song, but enough put their funds, influence and votes behind the Communist banner to tip the scales throughout the delta. As a demonstration of consolidated sway over a single region, the string of Red victories side by side in the delta was unequalled anywhere in India. With 41 deputies elected on the Communist ticket the Communists bragged in 1951 that they had an "Indian Yenan," an impregnable enclave within the broader territorial base they hoped to establish in Andhra as a whole.

Out of 41 deputies elected on the Communist ticket in the 12 administrative districts that comprise Andhra, 20 were in two adjacent delta districts, Krishna and Guntur. Of these 20, 11 were Kammas who won out in three-way contests which pitted Nehru's Congress and Ranga's Farmers Party against each other for the loyalty of non-Communist Kamma forces. More than half of the 1,208,656 votes polled by the Andhra Communists in 1951 were in the two delta districts.

Nehru did not let this ominous political history repeat itself. This time, over the anguished howls and outright subversion of some Reddi leaders, he paid Ranga a high price in the allotment of nominations in return for participation in a united Congress front. He insisted that Congress leaders of all stripes pledge support to Ranga's Kamma candidates in the delta districts, and assigned Bombay Congress boss, S. K. Patil, to enforce the pledge. A. Kaleswara Rao, a Grand Old Man of the Andhra Congress (and a Brahmin), told this writer in a letter at the end of February, after the last of the staggered polling dates: "The Kamma community, we may thank God, have joined us with patriotism."

What about the landless laborers? Whatever statistics ultimately tell of their electoral behavior, Congress clearly impressed them with a livid propaganda picture of the personal prosperity of Kamma Communist leaders. Handbills ridiculing Rajeshwar Rao as a "Red landlord" so infuriated him that he made a special campaign appearance to explain himself. Announcing that he and his brother had donated the equivalent of $40,000 to Communist coffers, Rao bravely added: "I do not say that all our property is exhausted; there is still something left. We shall spend it, along with our own lives, in the service of the people."

The Nehru-Ranga alliance in the Kamma districts was the body blow to Communist hopes in the election, but it does not fully explain the size of Nehru's majority. White-collar voters in the towns appear to have turned en bloc against the Communists. In addition, hovering over the balloting was the crucial fact that Andhra now enjoys for the first time provincial autonomy within the Indian Union. Three years ago it did not. Then Telugu-speaking Andhra formed part of multi-lingual Madras State, a sprawling political Babel carved out by British map-makers with no regard to South India's cultural differences.

The Communists rode high on a wave of Telugu demands for independence in the 1951 balloting. Now, desperate for issues on which to mount a comeback, they may exploit latent regional sentiment again. All South India fears North Indian domination. This is a live popular issue. The new Andhra regime, tagged with the New Delhi label after the election visits of national leaders, must show it can wrest subsidies from Nehru to attack Andhra's poverty. For whatever the Andhra Government undertakes in the economic development field, the Communists will say it is too little and much too slow. They will try to make New Delhi the scapegoat. And they will call the Andhra rulers puppets of the North who betray their own people.

The Andhra Communists are by no means finished, but they certainly must be in a state of confusion. The Andhra defeat is sure to reverberate in the running Indian Communist controversy over parliamentary versus insurrectionist tactics. Under the weight of the Soviet and Chinese diplomatic front toward Nehru, the Communists have kept strictly parliamentary since 1951. But strong sections of the party fear that too much parliamentary statesmanship is softening the leaders and dissolving the halo that daredevil anti-landlord exploits call forth in the eyes of the backwoods millions. This dispute has been complicated by the party record in Travancore-Cochin state. There, despite a vigorous campaign by Nehru, the regional Communist unit held onto its 1951 victories in a new vote last year.

In the final analysis, the fact of Nehru in Indian politics will frustrate any significant Communist progress in the immediate future. While Moscow and Peking build their diplomacy around this fact, the Indian Communist Party must fend as it can. It is left to choose between pouting on the sidelines or exposing itself again and again to the Andhra variety of ballot-box embarrassment. But for the Communists, a Red vision lines this cloud: there cannot always be a Jawaharlal Nehru.

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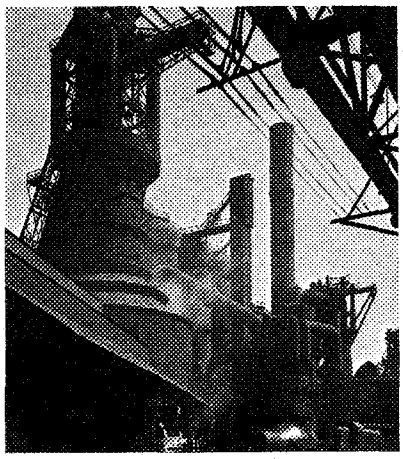

Cracks in the Economy Are Showing: What Can We Do About It?

IF WE HAD steadily maintained a full economy since the first quarter of 1953, our total output would now be approaching a level above $400 billion for 1955 as a whole. But for nearly a year and a half we have lost ground due to the recession, and we could not regain all of this ground by the end of this year without so drastic an economic program as to be undesirable in relative peacetime. Instead, we must set a more moderate goal. If we achieve an annual rate of output of about $390 billion in the fourth quarter of the year, this should be about sufficient by the very end of the year to achieve full employment, by taking up excess unemployment, providing jobs for a growing labor force, and absorbing further productivity gains.

Needed Federal Spending

To restore full employment by the very end of 1955, total public purchases of goods and services must rise gradually to an annual rate in the fourth quarter of this year about $6.2 billion higher than in the fourth quarter of 1954. If the recent pattern of increases in state and local governmental purchases continues, this sector should show an increase of about $2.5 billion this year, and the needed rise in federal purchases of goods and services would have to be only about $3.7 billion.

The needed programs set forth below would lift conventional Federal Budget outlays for the fourth quarter of this year to an annual rate about $6 billion above the current annual rate. This would be about $4.5 billion above the annual rate for 1954 as a whole, but about $4.5 billion below the annual rate for 1953 as a whole. However, due to the gradual character of the expansion of these programs, conventional Budget outlays for the calendar year 1955 as a whole would be only about $3.75 billion higher than now seems to be contemplated by the government. This would be about $2.25 billion higher than the actual level in 1954 as a whole, but about $6.75 billion lower than the actual level in 1953 as a whole. Measured as a percentage of total national output, this would mean a drop from 20.2 percent in 1953, to 18.1 percent in 1954, and to 17.7 percent in a considerably expanded economy in 1955. This percentage ratio is what really tells whether federal spending is too high relative to the needs being served, whether government is covering too large a part of the economy, and how heavy the tax burden must be to balance the Budget.

In a democracy, fortunately, the priorities of our needs and the speed at which we meet them are determined freely by the people. Nonetheless, it is useful to set forth some of the most pressing of these needs, and to outline programs to meet them which are also consistent with restoring full employment. These programs are discussed in terms of their effect upon the conventional Federal Budget.

NATIONAL SECURITY Most experts agree that the contemplated reduction of national security outlays in calendar 1955 to a level $10 billion below the average 1953 level is dangerous indeed. If this expert view is sound, these outlays might well be raised gradually to an annual rate in the fourth quarter of this year about $2.5 billion higher than the current rate. This could be divided between deterrent striking force, and the more effective protection of our congested areas and military installations against surprise attack.

THIS IS the second of two articles condensing a report on "The Prospects for Prosperity in 1955" by the Conference on Economic Progress. The full 66-page pamphlet can be obtained for 35c from the Conference offices at 1001 Connecticut Avenue, N.W., Washington 6, D. C.

The National Committee of the Conference includes the following: Thurman Arnold, William H. Davis, Abraham Feinberg, Richard H. Frost, A. J. Hayes, J. M. Kaplan, Leon H. Keyserling, Murray D. Lincoln, Armand May, James G. Patton, Miles Pennypacker, Walter P. Reuther, Marvin Rosenberg, M. W. Thatcher.

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INTERNATIONAL ECONOMIC AID This type of fortification of the free world, which has already been slashed almost in half since 1953, and which faces some slight further reduction, could be lifted gradually to an annual rate in the fourth quarter of this year about one-half billion dollars higher than the current rate. That would not nearly meet the need, but it takes time to get ready for a bigger program.

AGRICULTURE Agricultural personal income has been declining for the past three years at the rate of more than $1 billion a year, or more than 7 percent a year. The parity ratio—which compares the prices that farmers receive for their products with the prices they pay for their production expense items—has recently fallen to the lowest levels in 14 years. We should seek to achieve by the fourth quarter of this year an increase of about $4 billion above current levels in the annual rate of farm personal income. This would still leave farmers far short of true parity of income with other groups. Federal outlays in this area should be raised to a level in the fourth quarter at least $750 million above the present level.

EDUCATION The current shortage of classrooms at primary and secondary levels is more than 350,000, and mounting daily; a large proportion of teachers are miserably underpaid; the present backlogs in school construction are estimated at $10 to $12 billion; and conservative estimates add up to needed increases in expenditures of about $4 billion a year for the next five years to make real inroads upon these deficiencies and take care of new needs. Some states can afford to spend only a half or a third as much per capita for education as other states; but this is no reason why children in these states—who incidentally, may live in other states when they grow up—should have undernourished minds. Yet the portion of the Federal Budget represented by outlays for education and general research is little more than half a cent for each dollar in the Budget, and the most recent proposals of the Administration only touch the surface of the need. Since the states and localities are now spending about $10 billion a year for education, and the federal government very little, it is really now a federal responsibility to provide a large share of the additional outlays which are needed. Because of the many complexities involved—financial, legislative and administrative—it is recommended that by the fourth quarter of this year the annual rate of federal assistance to equalize and improve educational opportunity should be lifted by only about a billion dollars above current levels. But this should be just a beginning.

HEALTH Whether or not the new health program announced by the federal government is correct in principle, and it has serious defects on this score, its size of less than $100 million is far short of the mark. By the fourth quarter of this year, as a first practicable start, the annual rate of federal outlays to remedy the wasteful shortages in our health facilities and services should be lifted by at least $300 million above current levels; much more will need to be done thereafter.

OLD AGE INSURANCE Several million workers are still unprotected under the nationwide old age insurance system. Even under the 1954 amendments, the average monthly checks will be between $50 and $60 per person, including benefits for dependents, which in most parts of the country is barely a quarter of the requirements for maintaining minimum standards of health and decency. By 1960, to help provide a high enough level of consumption, the benefits should be quadrupled. But because of the complex nature of the system, and the need for changing the methods of financing to apportion the burden more properly as the system expands, a practical goal for the fourth quarter of this year would be to lift the annual rate of federal outlays for benefit payments to a level about a billion dollars higher than the current level, through improved coverage and mainly through increasing the average benefit payments greatly.

UNEMPLOYMENT INSURANCE Average unemployment insurance benefits amount to only about one-third of wages. In about half of the states, the maximum protection varies in length between 16 and 24 weeks. About 800,000 workers exhausted their benefits in 1953, and about 1.8 million in 1954. A responsible system would provide protection for at least 26 weeks for all unemployed workers everywhere, and would provide this protection at about two-thirds of the full-time working wage up to certain prescribed limits. Mass unemployment is a national problem. A substantial part of any increased costs, perhaps half, should be borne by federal grants to state funds.

NATURAL RESOURCE DEVELOPMENT AND PUBLIC WORKS In the whole area of our natural resources, excluding federal highway payments, the Federal Budget has shown a persistent and sharply declining trend since the fiscal year 1953. These developmental programs are the underpinning of our entire physical economy; they are essential to our national security; and experience proves how much they add to opportunities for private investment and employment. Soil conservation, reforestation, flood control, scientific experimentation, applied science, power, river valley developments and the bringing of an adequate water supply to many parts of the country, all fall within this classification. By the fourth quarter of this year, we should lift the annual rate of federal outlays for the protection and expansion of our natural resources base by at least $1 billion above the present rate.

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Expanding Consumption

Even with this growth in federal outlays, the annual rate of consumer buying would need to be about $16 billion higher in the fourth quarter of 1955 than in the fourth quarter of 1954, to restore full employment and reasonably full production by the very end of the year. If there were no further tax reductions, this would require that personal incomes before payment of taxes rise by about $22 billion. This allows for a rate of personal saving of about 7.9 percent, higher than the 7.2 percent rate in the fourth quarter of 1954, but lower than the 8.6 percent peak rate reached in the fourth quarter of 1953. Personal incomes before taxes are now at an annual rate only about $2.5 billion higher than in the second quarter of 1953; their failure to expand adequately has been the main source of the recession.

A rounded program of public and private action to expand personal incomes and consumer buying sufficiently should include these steps:

1. *Increase federal outlays.* The changes in the social insurance program already set forth would not add much to total personal incomes, because it is mainly self-supporting. But by directing a good deal of income to low-income families, who spend a larger part of each dollar that they get, these changes would stimulate consumer buying. Most of the additional federal outlays would enlarge personal incomes by creating employment.

2. *Reduce taxes.* The personal income tax exemptions should be lifted from $600 to $800, which would enlarge the annual rate of consumer spending power by about $4.5 billion. As an alternative, an equivalent result could be obtained through the family allowance type of tax reduction.

3. *Raise farm income.* National agricultural policy should be drastically revised, to increase the annual rate of farm personal income, as a part of total personal income, by about $4 billion above current levels by the fourth quarter of this year. Even then, farm income in a much more productive economy would be nearly a billion dollars below the 1951 level, and per capita farm income would still be only about 42 percent as high as non-farm.

4. *Raise minimum wages and increase coverage.* An increase in the minimum wage law base from 75 cents to 90 cents, as now proposed, would not begin to provide a wage sufficient for a minimum or even an emergency family budget. In 1947, when a minimum wage of at least 75 cents was deemed urgently necessary, it was shown that an emergency budget for a family of four would have required about 90 cents an hour along with assurance of steady work throughout the year. Since then, living costs have gone up about 20 percent. The minimum wage base should be increased to at least $1.25 an hour. All in all, the increased minimum wage might directly and indirectly add about $2 billion to the annual rate of personal incomes by the fourth quarter of 1955, and the partial coverage of the 20 million or so workers now excluded from the federal law might add another one-half billion.

5. *Adjust some prices.* The long and sharp declines in farm prices and incomes have not been accompanied by an appreciable change in consumer food prices. The portion of the consumer food dollar getting to the farmer has shrunk a great deal, and absorption of the recommended farm price increases, particularly at the processing and mass distribution levels, would make for a fairer and more desirable sharing of this dollar.

6. *Increase employment and wages.* The expansion of purchases by consumers and government, resulting from the foregoing steps, would mean more than 2.5 million more jobs by the end of the year, would add from $7 to $10 billion to personal incomes. And with the whole economy moving forward, business would be able to undertake with confidence wage increases consistent with adequate purchasing power.

Business Investment

Despite a business climate which businessmen regard as highly favorable, many friendly tax changes in 1954, a prompt and desirable reversal of the hard money policy of early 1953, and a rapidly rising stock market, the annual rate of business expenditures for new plant and equipment has fallen $2.3 billion since the peak reached in the third quarter of 1953. Under existing policies, it is now expected to decline a bit further in 1955.

This makes it clear that watering the economic tree at the top has not stimulated business investment sufficiently, and that proper stimulation depends upon nourishing the tree at the roots—that is, by expanding the buying of goods and services. If this is done, business investment in plant and equipment should easily expand to a $1 billion higher annual rate by the fourth quarter of this year, which should be sufficient until markets catch up with productive power. Another billion and a half dollars should be added by a vast expansion of residential construction. The inventory improvement during the slight business upturn of recent months gives promise that genuine economic expansion would turn the inventory picture from a $1.5 billion annual rate of liquidation in the fourth quarter of 1954 to a $2.5 billion annual rate of accumulation by the fourth quarter of 1955. These changes, taken together, would produce the needed $6.5 billion increase in the annual rate of total business investment.

Small business above all needs a return to a full econ-

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omy, because it is hurt more than large business by recessionary conditions. According to records recently published by the Federal Trade Commission and the Securities and Exchange Commission, the largest manufacturing corporations (with assets of more than $100 million) had an increase in profits after taxes of about 10 percent, comparing the second quarter of 1954 with the second quarter of 1953. But the profits after taxes of the smallest size category of manufacturers (with assets up to $250,000) dropped 43.1 percent.

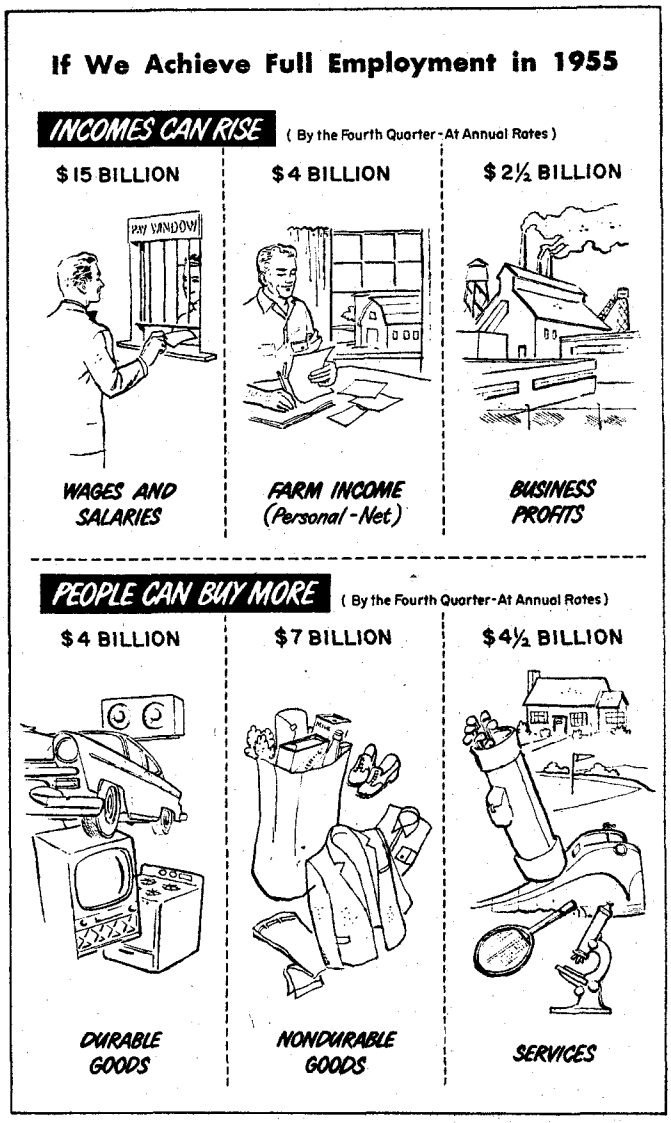
Housing

Housing construction has been excessively low, when measured against population growth and the need for rapid improvement in housing standards. Those who cite the fact that the 1.2 million private non-farm housing starts in 1954 exceeded the 1925 prewar peak level by about 30 percent, neglect the fact that population had grown by more than 40 percent. The 1954 level was almost 12 percent lower than in 1950. Meanwhile, slums are growing faster than they are being removed; and considering the extent of substandard housing, we should now be averaging a 50 percent higher level of total house construction, urban and rural, than we are now achieving; and we should carry this annual level upward to about 2 million units by 1960.

The great bulk of current house construction is serving the upper income market, and the upper half or so of the middle income market. If a mass market is not created for new housing lower down in the income structure, the saturation point in new construction is likely to be reached at the very time when a sharp decline would be very injurious to the whole economy.

The major inhabitants of rural and urban slums are low-income families, most of whom require federal and local subsidies to cover the difference between what they can afford to pay each year and the cost of providing them with an American standard of housing. With these subsidies, the housing can be built with private capital.

We ought now to be rehousing from 300,000 to 500,000 families a year on this basis, if we mean what we say when we talk about a decent home for every American family within 10 years. If started soon enough, this would add by the end of this year about $1.5 billion to the annual rate of private investment in residential construction. The net annual federal subsidy cost of rehousing from 300,000 to 500,000 families would be in the neighborhood of $60 million to $100 million. Expressed as a fraction of the Federal Budget, this amount would be almost invisible. Even if 5 million families were living in this kind of housing 10 years from now, the annual federal subsidy cost would be only about a half billion dollars, taking account of the fact that the subsidy need per person would move lower as the level of incomes rose in an expanding economy.



There are great gains within our reach this year, toward which we should all work together. But due to the recession, we are now starting from a lower production base and a less favorable productivity situation than would have prevailed now if we had maintained a full economy all along.

However, if we reach our goals by the end of this year, with productivity advancing at a more rapid rate under the incentives of a full economy, we will be able to grow at a much faster rate for the economy as a whole than 3.7 percent a year. This over-all rate, without inflation, might exceed 6 percent a year even with some reductions in hours of work. Already, technology, automation, invention and the first stages of peaceful application of atomic energy, are providing the opening stages of a veritable second industrial revolution. As an alternative, we might well be able to expand our output by 4 to 5 percent a year, and increase the per capita standard of living by at least 3 percent a year, while at the same time using a lot more of our productive power to provide more leisure—still shorter working hours, longer paid vacations, and more generous retirement policies.

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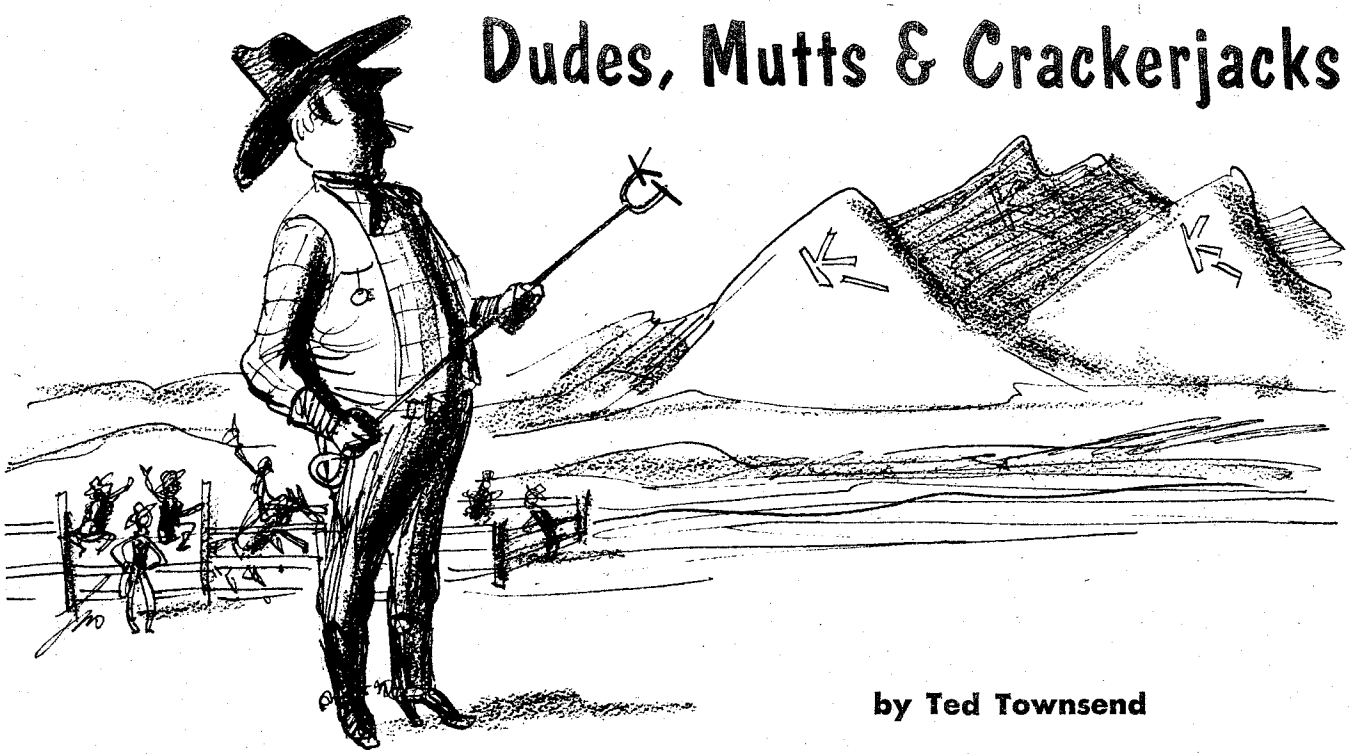
Dudes, Mutts & Crackerjacks



by Ted Townsend

AMONG the affairs of state now cluttering the desk of the Secretary of Agriculture is a Wild-West controversy which will provide a clear test of the Administration's partiality to business—in this case the "dude" business. Secretary Benson can repudiate creeping socialism forthrightly—at least in Montana—by the decision he makes in the case of dude-rancher Paul Van Cleve, Jr.

Mr. Van Cleve, past-president of the Dude Ranchers Association and owner of the Lazy K Bar Ranch, has fought the US Forest Service for 12 years in true "cattle-baron style"—only he owns very few cattle, just enough to provide atmosphere. His campaign, in fact, is unkindly described by left-wingers as a "land grab." But even Van Cleve's bitterest opponents (referred to by a representative of the Dude Ranchers Association as "mutts and crackerjacks") have been charmed by the Zane Greyish audacity of his plan to carve out a private empire in the heart of the Alp-like Crazy Mountains. This range is among the most spectacular in the West, rising sharply from the plain to a height of more than 11,000 feet. Legendary mule deer haunt the high canyons, and in the peaks a flourishing herd of mountain goats has been established at public expense. Rushing streams and snow-fed lakes, stocked with public trout, are accessible by means of tax-built trails and campgrounds. To a man of vision this wilderness beckons as a paradise of profit.

As in many other Western areas, a map of the Crazies shows a checkerboard of public and private ownership. The government owns less than half of this province of Gallatin National Forest. In the last century the Northern Pacific Railroad acquired every other section as a federal gift, and the railroad sections have since been sold to various ranchers. While most of this mountain land is very cheap, a penurious government has failed to assemble the many parts of the National Forest into a unified whole; conflicts of public and private interest were the inevitable result.

Back in 1923, Paul Van Cleve established his ranch athwart Big Timber Canyon, which is the only practical route of access to a very large area of the Crazies. A self-made man who scratched hard to get going, suffered bankruptcy, scratched again, and made a success of his cattle-and-dude business, Van Cleve started with six dudes and now entertains some 300 every season.

As business grew, so did competition between dudes and non-dudes in Big Timber Canyon. A road up the Canyon, now crossing alternate sections of National Forest and Van Cleve land, had been in use by the public since 1881, and the Forest Service had established Half Moon Park for public use at the end of this road. In 1940, Mr. Van Cleve blocked off the road where it entered his property, ending public access to public lands above the Lazy K Bar. Tortuous litigation finally won a public right-of-way in 1954.

In 1942, Mr. Van Cleve purchased 14 sections of the Crazies for less than $2,500, and promptly offered to trade 11 of these for the 4½ public sections which threatened his control of Big Timber Canyon. The 11 sections of trade land lie in the relatively inaccessible neighboring drainage of Sweet Grass Creek. It was,

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prima facie, a generous offer of more than two sections for one. But the 4½ sections controlled access to the 11 and more, so the Lazy K Bar Ranch stood to lose nothing.

The Forest Service refused to trade, citing a mounting demand for public recreational facilities. But in 1954, just before the election, Mr. Van Cleve appealed, and Mr. Benson promised to review his case. Mr. Benson's National Forest Advisory Board of Appeals conducted a public hearing in Livingston, Mont., February 10, 1955. Mutts and crackerjacks predominated at this affair, but meanwhile, at Mr. Van Cleve's request, a large number of influential Lazy K Bar alumni were bombarding Mr. Benson with letters.

Typical of the M & C testimony (inspired, as a Van Cleve spokesman pointed out, by "spite and envy") is the word of William B. Morse of Portland, Ore., who represented the National Wildlife Management Institute:

> Rest assured [he said] that if Mr. Van Cleve is granted this land-exchange the matter will not stop here. Many other people in many states, using this case as a precedent, will try to gain control of public access to good recreational areas.

The Montana Fish and Game Commission and all the Farm Bureaus, Chambers of Commerce and Rod and Gun Clubs represented at the hearing followed much the same line. Strangely, the only persons to speak for the Lazy K Bar were Mr. Van Cleve's counsel, his ranch foreman and the secretary-treasurer of the Dude Ranchers Association.

What the Forest Service calls an increasing demand for public recreational facilities is partly nostalgia for the supposedly simpler life of the frontier. The mutt and the crackerjack are natives who live with the residuum of this frontier, who approach it directly with rod and gun and who feel a vested interest in their country regardless of its legal ownership.

The dude has better and cheaper "recreational facilities" at home. He drives West not so much to play as to pretend. He is driven by the same myth of savage freedom that pushed his forefathers across the plains. But now the myth is purely formal. Reality is the clerkship or the vice-presidency to which he will return in two or at most four weeks. He does not come to see the true West of clerkships and vice-presidencies, the drab drama of irrigated farming or even of cattle ranching. He comes to buy the forms of horse-opera.

The old frontier was a potpourri of Virginians and varmints, Caucasian nobles and Chinese coolies. The new, or tourist, frontier is more tidily stratified. Commoners flock to such Western Coney Islands as Yellowstone Park, where they queue up to eat, drink, sleep, fish, deface the landscape and molest the animals. It is not to be wondered that increasing numbers of the Eastern rich maintain their own ranches, carefully fenced against this human herd, and that increasing numbers of the less rich spend their vacations on the carefully fenced preserves of professional hosts.

It is the unique function of the dude rancher to serve a choice cut of frontier in a luxury package to a select clientele. The dude ranch is a theatre devoted to those anachronisms and fictions which are essential to life in the well-bred raw. The Compleat Dude Ranch is a smoothly contrived dream world of Stetsons, Levis and high-heeled boots, horseflesh, sagebrush, campfire coffee, coyotes, git-tars, dogies and Bull Durham. Its moonlit trails invite the romance to which all this atmosphere conduces—there was never a horse-opera without its golden girl, and Eastern women still have a touching faith that "men are men" West of the Powder.

Now no dude ranch can exist half public and half private, and the plight of the dude ranch owner trying to get along on public lands is indeed pitiful. Not only does an unromantic public traipse all over the dream world of outdoors with its used cars and its inevitable wake of beer cans, but the dude learns to resent his $125 a week rental on a landscape which belongs to him as a taxpayer.

All right-thinking Americans will agree that a dude rancher in this unfortunate circumstance should be permitted to block up his holdings for himself and his heirs forever, against all mutts, crackerjacks and impecunious tourists, their children, and their children's children.

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BOOKS & COMMENT

Lawrence Vindicated

by Robert Graves

THERE is no doubt that the Lawrence legend needs investigation after the lapse of twenty years; as when the credentials of a candidate for sainthood are officially laid before a court of high ecclesiastics and a counsel is appointed to challenge them in fullest detail. This lawyer, popularly known as "the Devil's Advocate," faces an honorable but hardly pleasant task. He must inquire whether the saint's humility was not perhaps a form of servility; his abstinence a lack of appetite; his miracle-making a mere hynotic trick; and whether the witnesses have been biased in his favor by local ambition or some other even less creditable motive. But the Devil's Advocate is not authorized to invent scandalous and unsupported charges against the dead man, misquote documents, or needlessly rattle skeletons in his family closet; and ears would burn on the Vatican Hill should a Devil's Advocate remark unblushingly, as Mr. Aldington does here: "If I have been guilty of bad taste, well, I have been!"

Lawrence of Arabia: A Biographical Enquiry, by Richard Aldington (Collins).

Personally I cannot read this book without revulsion. Instead of a carefully considered portrait of Lawrence, I find the self-portrait of a bitter, bedridden, leering, asthmatic, elderly hangman-of-letters—the live dog who thinks himself better than the dead lion because he can at least scratch himself and snarl. Granted, I may not be a proper person to review this book, because I knew Lawrence intimately and never had a more generous friend. But Mr. Aldington was equally not a proper person to write it, because he did not know Lawrence at all and has made little attempt to understand him, or even to consult those who did—although in his approach to public sources of information he has untruly represented himself as acting "on behalf of the executors and the family."

First of all, the skeleton in the closet. With his friends, T. E. Lawrence made no secret of his birth. Sir Thomas Chapman, an unhappily married Irish baronet, fell in love some seventy years ago with the gifted daughter of a Scottish engineer and persuaded her to accompany him to France, where—a divorce being impossible—they lived as man and wife. He adopted the name "Lawrence" and they continued as a devoted couple until his death. She bore him five sons. The eldest became a missionary in China; T. E. was the second; the third and fourth were killed in the First World War; the fifth is now one of our leading archaeologists.

MR. ALDINGTON'S bad taste and bad judgment are nowhere seen to worse advantage than in the suggestion that the main psychological urge behind Lawrence's adventures in Arabia was a revolt against his mother. Granted, she had an inflexible will, and so had he; but they respected and loved each other the more deeply for recognizing this tie. Mrs. Lawrence is still alive, and in full possession of her mental faculties. She had already reached her nineties three or four years ago when she broke a leg, but made light of it and was soon about again. I have never met a woman of greater energy, nobility, and forthrightness, or of stronger religious fervor.

Both parents firmly believed in a united family, and wanted the parental impress, not that of any public school, to be set on the boys' characters. In the recently published *Home Letters*, written by the three who were killed, Thomas Lawrence is almost always mentioned in the connection with sport, which was his department, as hers was religion; he seems to have been courteous, gentle and simple-minded, and died in the great influenza epidemic of 1919. Now, Mr. Aldington, playing the part of a social psychologist, remarks that Mrs. Lawrence was "not an equal mate for a gentleman"; which would be comic were it not so shocking. As Eric Kennington writes: "Sarah Lawrence has always been a natural queen." The extraordinary courage and endurance she showed in Central China among bandits and pirates at the age of seventy should earn her a mention in any decent dictionary of heroines. Robert Lawrence, the missionary son, describes how a Chinese soldier pointed a rifle at her and ordered her away from a ferry; she stamped her foot and shouted "Boo!"—which drove him off in terror. When pirates came aboard the mission boat on the Yangtse and one of them grabbed her fur muffler, she took it back, saying simply: "You have no use for this!"

Mrs. Lawrence did not encourage her sons to bring girl-friends home to tea. She told me once in her broad Scottish: "We had no use for girls in our house." Since she had just given my wife a much-traveled tin bath-tub for our children, I asked gently: "But aren't they useful sometimes for bathing their youngest brothers?" "Nonsense, boys are just as good, and make far less fuss about it. Ned [T.E.] always used to scrub little Arnie for me, in this very bath, and take him for walks too, and tell him long stories."

The literary atmosphere at 2, Polstead Road, Oxford, a late-Victorian brick house, severely furnished, was a strange compound of evangelism, adventure and medieval romance. The clue to Ned, who differed from his elder brother in never feeling any call to become a missionary, is Sir Galahad, or Sir Guy de Tabarie who taught Saladin the Rule of Chivalry—pure-heartedness, love for a chosen lady, and the righting of wrong. He always remained loyal to this code.

I HEAR a loud guffaw at this point. A heckler springs up to say: "Galahad my left foot! Tell me, Mr. Graves, can any fair-minded person read this exhaustive and well-documented book without being convinced that Lawrence was an impostor and a psychopathic liar? That he imposed the legend of military feats which he had never performed, and of honors that had never been awarded him, on credulous fools—including yourself as his biographer? That he was also grasping, insanely ambitious and probably a homosexual pervert?"

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Yes, heckler, I certainly agree that there is no limit to what fair-minded readers can be persuaded to accept, when a book is lurid enough and comes provided with so formidable a critical apparatus of source references. Who will be bothered to check them? But what of the spoken and written testimonies of all ranks who fought with Lawrence in the desert, from private soldiers to senior officers? In 1927, I questioned a dozen or so of these veterans, who unanimously found Lawrence the bravest and most resourceful man they had ever met. And there was no mistaking the deep sincerity of Field Marshal Allenby's gratitude to Lawrence for securing his right flank and making possible the 1918 break-through in Palestine. He told me: "Colonel Lawrence would have been an impossible divisional general, but a first-class commander-in-chief." Even Mr. Aldington would hardly suggest that Lawrence's paid claque included the terrible Allenby and the redoubtable Sir Winston Churchill, who has spoken more highly of Lawrence than of any other man of our generation.

FACTS are Mr. Aldington's weakest allies, sneers his strongest. He has not hesitated to tamper with the text of Lawrence's letters, changing:

> I came to know Syria like a book, much of North Mesopotamia, Asia Minor, Egypt and Greece.

to:

> I came to know like a book Syria, North Mesopotamia, Asia Minor, Egypt and Greece.

and then commenting: "Wild exaggerations!"

He makes out that Lawrence lied in claiming to have been offered the post of High Commissioner of Egypt, and that Sir Winston Churchill made an "emphatic disavowal of this offer." "No" was certainly the answer of Sir Winston's secretary to a misleadingly framed question of Mr. Aldington's; but Sir Winston Churchill has himself since written:

> I am sure that the post was never offered *officially* to Col. Lawrence, but I think it very likely that I talked over the possibility of his being offered it and asked him how he felt about it. It is very likely also that his not welcoming the idea played its part in my not pressing it any further.

Since Lawrence mentioned the offer in a contemporary letter to his mother, I cannot but believe that it was made.

Elsewhere, Mr. Aldington writes:

> This habit of attributing imaginary grandeurs to himself rather grew on Lawrence, as the time for his first discharge from the RAF grew nearer. It is true that he was offered by a banker, and refused, a position in the City of London, where at one time he had reserved for himself the position of night-watchman at the Bank of England.

This "job in the City," as Lawrence called it, was no less than the Secretaryship of the Bank of England offered him by Sir Montague Norman, the Governor, as has now been officially revealed. Lawrence, in fact, was always more likely to understate then to overstate the honors pressed on him. And since we are on the subject of understatement: Mr. Aldington mentions that while Lawrence was working in the Cairo map department at the beginning of the war, he "went for an official Cook's tour to Kut el Amara." Cook's tour, indeed! It was a dangerous and delicate mission behind the Turkish lines with which he and Aubrey Herbert M.P. had been entrusted by the War Office: they were ordered to restrain the Turkish commander by bribes from pressing the siege of General Townsend's forces. But since the commander was unfortunately both rich and patriotic, they succeeded only in arranging an exchange of a thousand British sick against an equal number of Turks.

Mr. Aldington continues:

> These things were mixed up with such fantasies as Lawrence's telling his neighbor, ex-Sergeant Knowles, that he might again be asked to undertake the reorganization of Home Defense. . . . The distinguished persons who were asked about the Egypt myth also brushed aside the idea that Lawrence had ever been offered "Home Defense."

The "distinguished persons" in this context, namely Mr. Amery and the second Lord Lloyd, have now stated that neither were they questioned, nor would they have known about the offer, had it been made. And Sir Winston Churchill has answered: "I certainly hoped that Col. Lawrence would play such a part," and Lord Winterton, a Cabinet Minister and one of Lawrence's fellow-soldiers in Arabia, writes in his memoirs that "just prior to Lawrence's death, Mr. Churchill held the view that he should be appointed Minister of Defense." Furthermore, Capt. Liddell Hart states that Lawrence was approached by emissaries of the then Prime Minister, Lord Baldwin, to co-operate in the defense side of the Rearmament Program.

MR. ALDINGTON'S sneers at the story that Lawrence "arranged the surrender of Erzeroum" are most disingenuous. Lawrence claimed merely that he enabled the War Office to put the Russian commander in touch with certain disaffected Arab officers serving in the Turkish garrison. Mr. Aldington triumphantly records that General Wavell does not mention this fact in his *Encyclopaedia Britannica* article on the surrender, "though then military attaché on that front," and it therefore must be a lie; General Wavell, however, was serving in France at the time, as can be checked from the *Army List*. He has also pounced on a passage in my *Lawrence and the Arabian Adventure* (1928), where, by a failure to correct proofs, I made out that he had "read in three years every book in the Oxford Union Library, 50,000 volumes probably, at the rate of six volumes a day." It must have been clear to Mr. Aldington from the biographical material which I subsequently published, and from which he quotes, that the words "which interested him" had dropped out after "book." Then there was Lawrence's claim to have ridden in 1906 on a bicycle made for him at Oxford by Mr. Morris — later Lord Nuffield — which Mr. Aldington thinks he has disproved by a note from Morris Motors to the effect that Mr. Morris made no more bicycles after 1900. Yet in the *Home Letters*, Lawrence is found writing about his broken "Morris bike" to his father, who had bought it for him; so, presumably, it *was* a Morris bike.

I grant that Lawrence's inherited Irish imagination tempted him to coax stories into a more artistic shape than he found them; but at the same time an inherited Scottish conscience always restrained him from wanton lying for his own glorification. I also grant that he was a confirmed leg-puller; I hope that I am not indiscreet in saying that this was a family failing—which accounts for the account, in Lowell Thomas' book, of Lawrence's alleged Far Eastern adventures, supplied by the younger brother. And I grant

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that he would often hide the truth in a misleading statement. He records, for instance, that he "lost the first draft of his *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* while changing trains at Reading in December, 1919." We are meant to believe that a thief had stolen the bag containing the manuscript from a bench where he had laid it down. But I have come to the conclusion that it was "lost" in the colloquial sense only: Lawrence was dissatisfied with the book and wanted to rewrite it completely, instead of correcting the draft. Since, therefore, two or three thousand foolscap pages would have been difficult to incinerate in his All Souls' College grate, he alighted at Reading on his way back to Oxford from London, dropped the bag in the Thames, and caught the next train; after which, having by now destroyed his original documents, he sat down to rewrite it from memory at the rate of four or five thousand words a day, trusting that memory would be creatively selective. But why Reading, not London? I remember now that he told me, some time later, how he had once thought of "pitching the book into the Thames"; and then he mentioned Dante Gabriel Rossetti's attempt to "lose" some books in the Thames at Chiswick, forgetting that it was tidal water—longshoremen brought them back next day, muddied but complete.

I FIND it intolerable that Mr. Aldington suspects Lawrence of homosexual perversity and an insane hatred of the female sex. It is true that he "kept a film of oil" as he once wrote to me, between himself and young attractive women; yet when the one to whom he specifically referred broke her back, he spent most of his week-end leave from camp sitting by her bedside in the public ward of a hospital. The homosexuality is just a bad guess! If Mr. Aldington had written to me, I would have put him right on the point.

The true, hidden horror of Lawrence's later life is hinted at in *The Seven Pillars*, when he writes of the personal motives which sustained him during the Arab Campaign—in the course of which he received no less than thirty-two wounds. He mentions patriotism, pugnacity, love of adventure and so on, but:

> . . . the strongest motive throughout has been a personal one, not mentioned here, but present, I think, every hour of these two years. Active pains and joys might fling up, like towers, among my days; but refluent as air this hidden urge re-formed, to be the persisting element of life, till near the end. It was dead, before we reached Damascus.

The dedicatory poem of *The Seven Pillars* is to "S.A.":

> I loved you, so I drew these tides of men into my hands
> and wrote my will across the sky in stars
> To earn your Freedom, the seven pillared worthy house,
> that your eyes might be shining for me when we came . . .

He goes on to describe how Death had taken her "apart into his quietness." The identity of "S.A." is unknown; to all, I suppose, except "S.A." herself, if she still lives. But she was without doubt the only woman in his life, and he had kept himself sexually chaste for her sake. Lawrence revealed to me in a letter (1921) that "S.A. still exists, but out of my reach because I have changed."

I once accidentally, and greatly to my embarrassment, read two or three lines of a long letter she had written him after the War; her handwriting was neat, strong and imaginative. She signed herself "Jehanne"—the name of

THE FEAR

by T. E. Lawrence

AFTER dusk the camp paths became thronged with men, all seeming friends, who met with a freemasonry of unintelligible greeting. I shrank from them and equally from their canteen with its glare and its hospitable smells. The thought of our hut returned to me as a refuge. Thankfully I made for it.

When I opened the door the long interior with its pendant lights offered indeed a refuge against the night. Its coloring was gay:—primary white walls sectioned by pilasters of hot brick, or by slender roof-posts painted green aligning themselves over the concrete floor between the close rows of brown-blanketed identical beds. But there was no one there, and the roof seemed full of staring eyes. I stumbled dizzily, under their view, down the alley of polished linoleum which lay like a black gangway across the concrete. Did the floor pitch slightly, with a rise and fall, like a deck? Or was my head swimming in the brilliant silence which thronged the empty place?

I lay, sickly, on my allotted bed. For a moment my bedfellow was perfect fear. The globes stared unwinking; my external imaginings flocked to the pillow and whispered to each ear that I was attempting the hardest effort of my life. Could a man, who for years had been closely shut up, sifting his inmost self with painful iteration to compress its smallest particles into a book—could he suddenly end his civil war and live the open life, patent for everyone to read?

Accident, achievement, and rumor (cemented equally by my partial friends) had built me such a caddis-shell as almost prompted me to forget the true shape of the worm inside. So I had sloughed them and it right off —every comfort and possession—to plunge crudely amongst crude men and find myself for these remaining years of prime life. Fear now told me that nothing of my present would survive this voyage into the unknown.

Voyage? Yes, the long hold-like hall had the sheer and paint-smell and sense of between decks. The pillars and tie-beams of its louring roof barred it into stalls like the stalls of a cattle boat waiting its load. Awaiting us.

Slowly we drifted in, those who had come with me today, till on the made-up beds five or six of us were lying subdued to the strangeness and

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the silence: a silence again pointed by that faint external creeping roar of the tramcars which swung along the road behind. Subtly our presences comforted one another.

AT TEN o'clock the door was flung open and a torrent of others entered, those stagers who had been here for some days and had gained outward assurance. They fought off nervousness by noise, by talk, by Swanee River on the mouth-organ, by loose scrummaging and japes and horseplay. Between the jangles of sudden song fell bars of quiet, in which man whispered confidentially to man. Then again the chatter, a jay-laugh, that pretence of vast pleasure from a poor jest. As they swiftly stripped for sleep a reek of body fought with beer and tobacco for the mastery of the room. The horseplay turned to a rough-house: snatching of trousers, and smacks with the flat of hard hands, followed by clumsy steeplechases over the obstacles of beds which tipped or tilted. We, the last joined, were trembling to think how we should bear the freedom of this fellowship, if they played with us. Our hut-refuge was become libertine, brutal, loud-voiced, unwashed.

At ten-fifteen lights out; and upon their dying flash every sound ceased. Silence and the fear came back to me. Through the white windows streaked white diagonals from the conflicting arc-lamps without. Within there ruled the stupor of first sleep, as of embryons in the natal caul. My observing spirit slowly and deliberately hoisted itself from place to prowl across this striped upper air, leisurely examining the forms stretched out so mummy-still in the strait beds. Our first lesson in the Depot had been of our apartness from life. This second vision was of our sameness, body by body. How many souls gibbered that night in the roof-beams, seeing it? Once more mine panicked, suddenly, and fled back to its coffin-body. Any cover was better than the bareness.

Night dragged. The sleepers, their prime exhaustion sated, began to stir uneasily Some muttered thickly in the false life of dreams. They moaned or rolled slowly over in their beds, to the metallic twanging of their mattresses of hooked wire. In sleep on a hard bed the body does not rest without sighing. Perhaps all physical existence is a weary pain to man: only by day his alert stubborn spirit will not acknowledge it.

The surge of the trams in the night outside lifted sometimes to a scream as the flying wheels gridded on a curve. Each other hour was marked by the cobbling tic-tac of the relief guard, when they started on their round in file past our walls. Their rhythmic feet momently covered the rustling of the great chestnuts' yellowed leaves, the drone of the midnight rain, and the protestant drip drip of roof-drainings in a gutter.

FOR two or three such periods of the night I endured, stiff-stretched on the bed, widely awake and open-eyed, realizing myself again one of many after the years of loneliness. And the morrow loomed big with our new (yet certainly not smooth) fate in store. "They can't kill us, anyhow," Clarke had said at tea-time. That might, in a way, be the worst of it. Many men would take the death-sentence without a whisper to escape the life-sentence which fate carries in her other hand. When a plane shoots downward out of control, its crew cramp themselves fearfully into their seats for minutes like years, expecting the crash: but the smoothness of that long dive continues to their graves. Only for survivors is there an after-pain.

From *The Mint* by T. E. Lawrence, published this month in a special edition of 1,000 copies by Doubleday and Company.

the captive heroine in Maurice Hewlett's romantic novel of the Crusades, *Richard Yea-and-Nay*, which Lawrence once insisted on my reading, without explaining why. It is my guess that "S.A." was of Syrian nationality, but English education; living in Damascus behind the Turkish lines, and that he paid his secret visit there, in June, 1917, as much to see her as for political and military reasons. Ten years later, when I was writing his biography, he wrote to me:

> You may make public, if you like, the fact that my reticence upon this northward raid is deliberate and based on private reasons: and record your opinion that I have found mystification and perhaps statements deliberately misleading or contradictory, the best way to hide the truth of what really occurred, if anything did occur.

"Because I have changed" does not imply an emotional or spiritual change in Lawrence: it refers to a typical incapacity. On his return ride, while reconnoitering the Turkish camp at Deraa, disguised as a Circassian recruit, he unluckily caught the eye of the battalion-commander. Taken to headquarters, he was flogged into permanent impotence when resisting a sexual assault, yet managed to escape next day. Lawrence put it obliquely to me once in a letter "I lost my nerve at Deraa." "Nerve" must here be read as the Latin *nervus*, since he never lost his courage or presence of mind, which lasted him to the end. He writes, somewhat more openly, in *The Seven Pillars*, at the close of his chapter about the flogging:

> A raiding party of Wuld Ali . . . [showed us] unexpected generosity [which] . . . momently stayed me to carry the burden, whose certainty the passing days confirmed: how in Deraa that night the citadel of my integrity had been irrecoverably lost.

Lawrence seems to have now felt in honor bound to cut "S.A." out of his life, since he could never give her children. The emotional frustration and spiritual torture to which this condition subjected him would have turned any lesser man to madness or suicide and explain his subsequent vagaries and abnormalities. Not only the personal part he took (though one of the most tender-hearted men I have ever met) in massacring the survivors of the Deraa police-

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battalion during the rout of the Turkish army a year later—"by my order we took no prisoners for the first time in the war"; not only the cloak of mystery that he cast around himself, though the truth was far more startling; not only his grandiose ambitions as a literary artist, and the unnecessary purple patches inserted into *The Seven Pillars*, which in its original draft had been simply and movingly written; not only his decision, in default of marriage, to enlist in "a lay monastery," the RAF, where he gladly accepted the moral and physical humiliation of the "toughening process" dealt out to the newly enlisted; but the quasi-sexual delight—"the lustfulness of moving swiftly"—which he found in riding a high-powered motorcycle of his design over the English countryside at eighty miles an hour. He was killed on it, shortly after his honorable discharge from the RAF, swerving to avoid two errand-boys on bicycles.

MR. ALDINGTON'S comment on the Deraa incident, which in better days would have earned him the horse-whip, is: "This catastrophe was a punishment for his . . . insolence and contempt for his enemies . . . whom he frequently called stupid. Who was stupid *this* time?" He then goes on to identify "S.A." with "a handsome Arab donkey-boy"!

Old Mrs. Lawrence has not read the book, because she has lost her sight. But she made Eric Kennington give her a report on it, listened without a hint of disturbance or passion, and then said in mild astonishment: "But for my game leg, I'd go out to France and ask him: 'Why are you doing this?'"

I should have liked to go with her and watch the effect of a Boo! and a stamp of her still sound foot.

The Doctrine of 'All's Fair in Politics'

by Thomas H. Eliot

THIRTEEN years ago, it was difficult to get people to realize that the procedures of the old Dies Committee were irresponsible, unfair, and inimical to the freedom of Americans. Since then, some Congressional investigations have gone from bad to worse, and a good many citizens have become belatedly aware of the evils of their methods and the injustice they can do. But there are still millions who see and hear no evil; and for them, especially, Alan Barth's new book will be a useful education. Here is the best concise picture that we have yet had, of the Congressional inquisitors in action.

Government by Investigation, by Alan Barth (Viking; $3).

To be sure, Mr. Barth spends a good deal of time stressing a "Constitutional" theme, which is not altogether convincing. A sensitive man too long immured in the fetid Potomac atmosphere, he has been so angered by the committee's excesses that he now fears that "Congressional tyranny" is warping the Constitution. It is somewhat startling to find him lining up with Alexander Hamilton, Russell Kirk, and Walter Lippmann, but this is the direction in which his righteous wrath has led him. He implies that because of the wrongs perpetrated by Congressional Committees, we must assume that Congressional tyranny is—always—a grave threat to American liberty. Because these committees are both tyrannical and Congressional, the fault lies with Congress. Because Congress is elected by the people—well, you see where this leads us—right back to Mr. Lippmann's Never-Never Land, where the wise and good govern, and the representatives of the people, those incompetent clods with immortal souls, say only "yea, yea," or "nay, nay."

But to get back to Mr. Barth's new book. It does start off in this wrong direction, arguing about checks and balances and the dangers of Congressional power. The theme seems to be that through its inquiries into subversion, Congress has disgraced itself, debased the Executive branch, and usurped some functions of the Judiciary. All this may be true enough, yet it is not of primary significance. McCarthy has been censured, the Democrats have taken over, the rules may be changed; but the real evils which rightly worry Mr. Barth are barely scotched. Congressional investigations might cease altogether, but Brownell would go marching on. The harm worked by Congressional "trials" is not done to the Judicial Branch, but to the Blind Goddess herself. In short, it is not the Constitution which may be in peril, but the people's liberties.

When Mr. Barth shakes loose of his legalistic framework and begins describing the erosion of the people's liberties—and how individuals conduct themselves under unjust and intemperate attack—he is on much sounder ground. One of the leading editorial writers of our generation, he knows how to select and present his material. In describing particular hearings, he gives us the essence; and despite his passionate concern, we can depend on his selection to be fair. In this respect Mr. Barth has done what the authors of two other recent books on the same subject failed to do. Dan Gillmor, in *Fear the Accuser*, left even a casual reader feeling that he had been shown a highly colored picture. Telford Taylor, whose brilliant *Grand Inquest* covers some of the same ground as Mr. Barth's new book, refrained from "case studies" and prolonged quotations from the hearing transcripts.

The best things in this book are the brief and dramatic accounts of personal ordeals: Owen Lattimore, deliberately trapped into minor contradictions so that he could be charged with perjury; Virginia Durr, disdaining the Fifth Amendment, declaring that she had never been a Communist, and then defiantly "standing mute;" Clifford Durr, fighting for his wife's honor; Bishop Oxnam, battling bravely yet, in self defense, darkening the cloud of suspicion over the head of his former friend and teacher; Jimmy Wechsler, intelligent, tough, and safe in his job, giving as good as he got. What business is it of Congress, to ask questions not for information, but to procure the prosecution of a private citizen? Why should a Senator, with immunity, force a newspaper editor to explain his policies and recount his life history?

Again and again, almost in agony, Mr. Barth asks *why* the Congressmen accept the unsupported statements of untrustworthy paid informers instead of the reputable people whom they accuse. He finds no answer because he is bemused by his Constitutional argument. Perhaps he is looking too closely at the

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form of things, rather than the substance. The substance is *politics*—personal, partisan, or both.

Here, perhaps, is the weak spot of this useful book. Not only does there seem to be no answer to the problems which Congressional inquisitions have created, but there seems to be no explanation of why they began in the first place. If you don't know what started them, how can you stop them? Mr. Barth despairs, perhaps too desolately, of the Supreme Court ever confining the inquiries within proper legislative limits. He has little faith in the Executive Branch as a useful counterpoise; grimly he recounts the appeasement of McCarthy which stained the first fifteen months of the Eisenhower Administration. He hopes that Congress may, somehow, reform itself. All in all, the outlook is bleak.

It seems to me that if you are talking about justice and due process and civil liberties, you cannot confine yourself to the subject of Congressional investigations as such. Those "probes" are political manifestations. They are ladders used by the unscrupulously ambitious—and even by ambitious men of high character, like Estes Kefauver. To change the metaphor, they are sometimes the gutta percha canes with which to beat your political foes, either to promote yourself, or to gain control of your own party, or to smash the other party. And if Congressional inquiries are political, so, in part, are the "loyalty" and "security" checks conducted by the Executive Branch, not to mention some of the speeches on the subject delivered by the Vice President and the Attorney General. Strict security in sensitive positions is vital; but "loyalty probes" of all file clerks in local old age insurance offices are obviously not needed to save the country.

So here is the answer to the question of why credence has been given to the Matusows, Gitlows, Crouches, and the rest: those creatures are pawns in a political battle, and some people, not all of them in Congress, think that all's fair in love, war, and politics. Such a doctrine tempts the ambitious and rings true to the cynic, but it is a good prescription for the destruction of democracy. The people can save self-government if they know the truth—if, among other things, they are made aware of the evils inherent in any totally unscrupulous political struggle.

"Enemy in the Mouth"

A Statement by Upton Sinclair

For three-quarters of a century it has been my fate to watch men and women traveling to their graves by the alcoholic highway. At the age of three I realized that my father was a "drinking man," and for 30 years I tried in vain to save him. There were three uncles, Southern genetlemen all, one a Confederate naval hero. Then, through the years, a long string of friends: Jack London, George Sterling, Sinclair Lewis, Edna Millay, Theodore Dreiser, W. E. Woodward F. P. Dunne (Mr. Dooley), Horace Liveright, Eugene Debs, Douglas Fairbanks, Eugene O'Neill, Sherwood Anderson, Klaus Mann—a varied list, all of them bright names. And a still longer list, whom I knew through correspondence or friends: Stephen Crane, James Whitcomb Riley, Heywood Broun, Edgar Lee Masters, Edwin A. Robinson, Isadora Duncan, Thomas Wolfe, O. Henry, Ambrose Bierce, Scott Fitzgerald, Hart Crane, John Barrymore, Ring Lardner, Damon Runyon, Dylan Thomas. I have told the tragic stories of 50 alcoholic writers; the suicide rate among them was 10 times that of the American people, and their life spans, averaged, reveal that they lost 15 years by their slavery to John Barleycorn.

I have put their tragic stories into a book, which is terrible but rigidly truthful. I spent a year and a half and several thousand dollars, writing, checking, revising, mimeographing and submitting it to leading editors and publishers. One and all, they tell me that it won't sell. They know Park Avenue and they know Broadway, but they know nothing about the millions of Americans who have never attended a cocktail party. Also these publishers are marketing the best-selling books of living alcoholics—our very top names, alas! Pessimism and confusion have become the keynotes of our literature; and John Barleycorn did it.

Through half a century my answer to rejections has been to publish the book myself. "The Jungle," "The Brass Check," "The Goosestep," "The Goslings," "Upton Sinclair Presents William Fox," "The Flivver King," "Letters to Judd," the "EPIC" pamphlets—a million volumes in America, plus three million in 50 languages and 60 countries, have helped to make the free world that we know and defend. But now I am 76, and my wife, who has stood by me through all labors and dangers, has grave heart trouble. Complete rest is ordered, and I know that if she took up this burden now, it would be her end.

More than 50 editors of religious papers and heads of church organizations have assured me that they will order and distribute this book when published, but their "boards" will not put their imprint on books that are not "strictly religious in character." To me religion is as religion does, and the combating of alcoholism is an act of worship. The American people spend more than $3 billion a year on liquor, and hundreds of millions go to newspaper and magazine advertising to lure them to more indulgence. Drinking in college and highschool is rampant, and juvenile delinquency has become a national problem.

After wasting a year trying to please publishers, I am making this appeal to the conscience of my country. Is there a publisher who believes in abstention and will make this book available to those who want it? Is there a foundation, a group, an individual who will put up money and agree to take the book in quantities? If I can have my way it will be available in paper binding and the price will be low; so will the royalty to the author. Do not send any money; send pledges, which I will turn over to the publisher—when I find him.

Address: Corona, California

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THEATRE

CHRISTOPHER FRY has for years been trying to write beautiful plays, and, on the side, he has conducted a polemic against what he believes to be the great obstacle to beauty in the theatre—realism. Yet the fact is that the beauty of Mr. Fry's plays, when they are beautiful, is an artefact, an intended effect, an effect, moreover, which the author seems to be forever congratulating himself on; whereas the modern playwright who has achieved beauty with least strain and most abundance is the last of the great Russian realists, Anton Chekhov.

There is no more beautiful modern play than *Three Sisters*. It is curious that this should be so. The subject matter suggests neither celestial loveliness nor infernal grandeur, nothing that might make up a Shakespearean drama, comic or tragic. Middle-class life is boring, and traditionally it enters the drama only to be made fun of. Ibsen took a different tack. His idea was that suburbia only *seemed* boring; the house behind the façade was haunted; the man behind the stolid brow was neurotic. Ibsen's is a dramatic idea, while Chekhov's seems not to be so: it is to place the very boresomeness of lower-middle-class culture on the stage. Not content with being a great playwright, he wished, it would seem, to give himself the greatest possible handicap—to fight, as it were, with his right hand tied behind his back. But this is only a manner of speaking. Great artists like to be trussed up. *In der Beschraenkung zeigt sich erst der Meister.* It is the Chekhov characters, not their author, who are inhibited and constricted. It may be said of Chekhov himself as of Shakespeare that he was "of an open and free nature," a phrase no one would apply to our minor playwrights, nor even to Ibsen and Strindberg. Chekhov seems to me the only democrat among the major modern dramatists, or perhaps I mean the only Christian. At any rate, he seems to be the only one who can depict the "little" people around him with a deeply romantic and passionate love and hence without direct contempt on the one hand or, on the other, the indirect contempt of abstract, doctrinaire admiration. This is, perhaps, the fundamental reason why his plays are beautiful. It is not an intended beauty. It is a beauty that radiates from a beautiful spirit, and its radiance is an irreducibly real love of his fellow men.

Three Sisters by Chekhov. Translated by Stark Young. 4th Street Theatre.

Such love is simple in that it is not neurotic and compulsive, but spontaneous and flowing; it springs, not from fear and need, but from joy and plenitude. But it is also complex, in being an integral part of a rich and many-sided mind. Genius, surely, implies an unusually subtle and successful organization of the personality—everything more closely related to everything else than in the rest of us. Now one of the crucial relationships in Chekhov is that between his love and his humor. Perhaps there is always a connection between these. Without humor, an intelligent man fails to love himself; clearly, then, he cannot "love his neighbor *as himself*"; nor, without humor, can he "place" the faults in people which intelligence makes him aware of. Chekhov was able to set his love and his humor to work in constant, and constantly fruitful, interplay.

The Fourth Street Theatre in New York has not the resources, personal or economic, to present a great production of so hard a play as *Three Sisters*. And the presence of certain veteran professionals in the cast calls the more attention to the limitations of younger players; nor are the seasoned professionals all of equal caliber. Unevenness in the acting is the chief fault of the show. The only other thing that seriously bothered me is the theatre itself. The play is done arena style in the middle of a long, narrow room. The arena is square—from wall to wall one way and up to the spectators' feet the other way. If you sit toward the back of either bank of seats, you feel you are peering into a tunnel. As for the "stage" you feel you're at the side of it, and you keep wanting to move round in front. In short, the "blocking" always seems wrong and is always calling attention to itself. What a nice invention the proscenium stage was!

These reservations made, I have to report that the evening is one of the most enjoyable of the season; a Beethoven sonata can be enjoyed even when it isn't played by Schnabel on a Steinway. This is a great and lovely play, and its greatness and loveliness come through instead of being obstructed and whittled away as I remember them to have been in the grandiose Broadway production of a dozen years ago. For one thing, the play is correctly interpreted by its director, David Ross. He has managed to get rid, not only of the grandiosity (which at the Fourth Street, is rather easy), but also of all that mooning and swooning around that passes for Chekhovian acting in the Anglo-American theatre. It is made clear that the sisters are small-town girls, not Park Avenue hostesses in disguise. It is made clear that the orations on the glorious future reflect, not the author's optimism, but the sad futility of Vershinin and Tusenbach who speak them.

The outstanding individual performances are three, and one of them is turned in by a youngster, Peggy Maurer, as Irina, who brings with beauty and intensity a capacity for stillness and repose which most of her colleagues miss. (Many young people today think they are practicing the Stanislavsky "method" when they're only pulling faces and/or scratching.) When Miss Maurer loses the last trace of physical rigidity, she will give a first-rate performance. If it seemed odd to have cast one of the oldest actors as the young Andrei, Morris Carnovsky soon justified the choice. If he was not fully credible as a fiancé, he portrayed the pains of modern cuckoldom later with a combination of respect and intensity thoroughly Chekhovian. For me, the perfect gem of acting in this not ignoble tiara was Philip Loeb's portrayal of the Doctor. Thinking of the rather shameless way in which Edmund Gwenn, playing the part on Broadway, was allowed to ruin the Doctor's pathetic drunk scene with ribald comedy, I feel especially grateful to Mr. Loeb for restoring that episode to its true dignity.

I also liked George Ebeling's comical, soft Tusenbach, but the main merit of the show lies less in individual assertion than in the evident devotion of each to the good of all. Devotion is yet another Chekhovian virtue and, obviously, my main point is that the whole production is one to cherish because it stays so close to a great playwright. Stark Young's text is close to him, too, both in the letter and the spirit.

ERIC BENTLEY

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CORRESPONDENCE

► Faith and Right Conduct

SIRS:

Brand Blanshard's article, "The Morality of Self Respect" (*NR*, Feb. 28), should not go unchallenged.

In the first place Dr. Blanshard sets up straw men when he appeals to such examples as Bishop Sheen and Dr. Wyatt. Current popular preachers who present God as a means to an end, whether the end be happier marriages or the defeat of Communism, do not do justice to the Christian faith, which teaches that man should serve God, not that God should serve man.

Who can disagree with Dr. Blanshard that it would be nice if all men were reasonable. The real question is "Why aren't they?" Reinhold Niebuhr pictures two men on a raft in the middle of the sea. The raft will only hold one and they are deciding rationally who is pragmatically more useful to society and therefore most deserving to survive. Can't you just picture each of them finding all manner or rational arguments as to why he should retain the raft?

Self-respect involves the concern as to how we look to others and to ourselves. Such self concern is the basis of much unethical behavior. Men cheat in exams to get a Phi Beta Kappa key because the key is a symbol of self-respect. Dr. Blanshard will object that this is not what he means by self-respect, that he means being true to the highest in our self. Nevertheless, the fact is that because of our central concern for the self, together with our capacity for self-deception the temptation to cheat is stronger than the motive to be true to our essential God created image. Consequently, the Christian faith asserts that what is needed is a faith that takes the individual away from preoccupation with himself, *i.e.*, a God-centered faith.

We cannot have a God-centered faith unless we *know* God. Dr. Blanshard avoids the issue when he reduces the question of God to a philosophic debate.

EDWARD WHITE

New York City

SIRS:

Brand Blanshard's views seem to be essentially those expressed by Bertrand Russell in his recent book, *Human Society in Ethics and Politics*. I do not think that morality depends upon any particular system of religious doctrine. The evidence is to the contrary. But I think that spiritual values are inherent in ethical standards; also the basic faith that life is meaningful enough to make virtue its own reward.

The ecclesiastical imperialism which claims that there cannot be a universal good society until Christian doctrine is accepted is both mischievous and grotesque. What is needed is the identification of the spiritual and moral values in all the great provinces of religious culture (and outside them), so that the world may have a common basis for its united life.

A. POWELL DAVIES, D.D.
All Souls' Unitarian Church
Washington, D. C.

SIRS:

It was with special satisfaction that I read Brand Blanshard's much-needed article. I say "much-needed" because of the fantastic lengths to which the pressure to conformity is being extended in matters of philosophy and religion.

It is all the more significant in that anyone acquainted with Blanshard's work will have some idea of the depths of his own religious convictions. And to have him, one of America's most respected philosophers, present this cogent defense of ethical autonomy, is a signal contribution to the cause of democratic pluralism.

JEROME NATHANSON
Chairman, Society for Ethical Culture
New York City

SIRS:

Could you ask Professor Blanshard . . . to search his experience and see if he can't find a more reasonable solution for juvenile delinquency than the Boy Scouts. They're a wonderful outfit, but I know a troop rather intimately. Frankly, we find that we're not able to cope with certain moral problems. I keep telling them, "Boys, we must 'shoot high'." Once in a while I pull out old Trotter (no dogma, mind you). "Boys," I tell them, "as Trotter always used to say: 'Rationality must become respectable'." And damned if they didn't go out the next night and tip over Schmidt's out-house. Ruined Mrs. Schmidt's prize chrysanthemums.

TED BRAUN

Sherwood, Oregon

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In the House of Commons . . .

. . . during the recent debate on European defense, the New Republic's weekly contributor, Denis Healey, was an eloquent participant—even with a toothache. Here is how the Manchester Guardian reported the story of the part he played in the discussions:

Mr. Healey's observations in the New Republic are among the reasons why this Journal of Opinion is becoming the favorite magazine of independently-minded persons.

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Mr. Healey's toothache

PRAISE for Mr Healey's speech on the first day of the debate ran like a refrain through all the non-Bevanite speeches on the second day and it would, I am sure, have been all the louder if it had been known that, throughout the debate, Mr. Healey had raging toothache.

He dared not risk going to the dentist before he spoke for fear of being left incapacitated, and events proved him wise. He went to the dentist next morning. He had to return again today, and the trouble has been found sufficiently serious to make it necessary for him to enter Westminster Hospital tonight for an operation. He hopes to be back at work by the end of next week.

Right all along

THE most remarkable tribute to Mr. Healey's speech came from Sir Anthony Eden, who said: "We had what was really a brilliant exposition of the international scene. As a technical performance, if I may say so, I thought that it was unsurpassed." Then, with a slightly mischievous grin, Sir Anthony added: "I thought that it was all the Foreign Office's best briefs rolled into one and expressed much better than they are usually put before me."

He ended by referring to the fact that Mr. Healey is one of the very few people who can claim to have been right all along about Western defence: he has always argued that Germany would have to be brought into the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation. Sir Anthony remarked: "If I congratulate him for one thing it was that in the whole of contrived to avoid

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